

DOLL MAN

THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MITE

10¢

OCTOBER
No. 42

**THE EERIE
TALE OF THE
MIND
MONSTER**



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Two Little White
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or 18 HILL BILLY HITS



I have just had
 something of an
 idea of the
 way to go
 and I am
 sure that I
 can do it.

[illegible]

or 18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

[illegible][illegible]

These items are categorized together in the following table:

FREE!

12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-10

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NAME _____

City _____ Jan _____ 19____

DOLL MAN

DOLL MAN



THIS IS THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE CREATURE WHO LIVED IN THE MINDS OF PEOPLE! FOR HE WAS BROUGHT TO LIFE BY THE VERY THOUGHT WAVES OF PEOPLE WHO BELIEVED IN HIM! ACTUALLY, YOU MIGHT SAY THE CREATURE WAS *IMAGINED INTO LIFE*! CERTAINLY DOLL MAN NEVER FOUGHT A MORE ALIEN, MORE STRANGE VILLAIN THAN THE THING CALLED...

“The **MIND-MONSTER!**”

THIS ADVENTURE BEGINS IN LONDON, AS AMERICAN TOURISTS QUESTION A STORY!



CRICKET, WE'RE LOOKING FOR 22 BAKER STREET, THE HOME OF SHERLOCK HOLMES!

WELL, BUB, YOU ASK THE FIRST TO ASK THAT, BUT THERE NEVER WAS SUCH AN ADDRESS! IT'S JUST SOMETHING MR. CONAN DOYLE MADE UP!

AMAZIN'! JUST AS MR. DOYLE MADE UP THE NAME, HE MADE UP A REAL PERSON!

YES, CONAN DOYLE KNEWED WHAT EVERY WRITER DREAMS OF—TO CREATE A CHARACTER SO BELIEVABLE HE MIGHT ALMOST HAVE EXISTED!



RETURNING TO AMERICA, THE FRUSTRATED WRITER HURTS! PERKIN GETS A NEW INSPIRATION!



THIS OLD DERELICTED HOUSE NUMBER 513 BLEAK STREET, WHAT IF I MADE IT THE FICTITIOUS HOME-OUT OF A SUPER VILLAIN? KAHN!



IMAGINED PERKIN NOOKS THROUGH THE NIGHT TYPING AT WHITE-HEAT...

I MUST DUPLICATE DOYLE'S SUCCESS! I'LL CREATE A VILLAIN SO HORRIBLE PEOPLE WILL BE AFRAID TO WALK THE STREETS AT NIGHT!

PERKIN'S FIRST LONELY MOVES IN A SENSATION! ALMOST OVERNIGHT HIS VILLAIN BECOMES A BYWORD FOR EVIL!



IF YOU DON'T OBEY ME, KAHN WILL GET YOU!

DOOOOH!

KAHN! KAHN! KAHN! THE NAME IS SOON A PART OF EVERYONE'S VOCABULARY...



HOW ABOUT A DATE, BABE?

ON YOUR WAY, BUB! YOU'RE AS UGLY AS KAHN!

EVEN TELEVISION MAKES A SPECIAL BROADCAST OF THE PHENOMENON!



THOUGH 513 BLEAK STREET IS THE SUPPOSED ADDRESS OF A FICTITIOUS VILLAIN, YET EVERY NIGHT CURIOUS CROWDS GATHER THERE, AS IF HOPE TO SEE KAHN WALK FROM HIS HIDEOUT!

SOME SAY PERRY'S NOVEL IS BASED ON FACT! HOW DO WE KNOW KAIN DOESN'T REALLY EXIST? PEOPLE SAY! IS KAIN REALLY INSIDE THAT HOUSE? WHAT WILL OUR CAMERAS REVEAL?



ALONGS THE NATION MILLIONS OF VIEWERS STARE INTENTLY AT THE SCREEN. THERE BEING CONCERNING "YELLOW" WAIVES ON A MENTAL IMAGE OF KAIN...



WILL WE SEE KAIN... KAIN THE TERRIBLE AS HE WAS DESCRIBED IN THE NOVEL?

STRAIGHT BY, FOLKS! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING! MAYBE IT'S THE FOG, OR A TRICK OF THE LIGHT, BUT IN THE DOORWAY SOMETHING'S TAKING ON FORM!



I AM KAIN!

GREAT SCOT! IT CAN'T BE...

IT HAS MATERIALIZED OUT OF THIN AIR!



BEWARE OF KAIN! I AM KAIN, THE KILLER!

YIII! LET ME OUT OF HERE!



AMONG THE ON-LOOKERS, DARREL DANE AND MARTHA ROBERTS HAVE COME FOR PURELY SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH!

DARREL, KAIN REALLY EXISTS! I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW...

RIGHT NOW IT'S TIME WE GOT UNDER COVER AND SWITCHED TO OUR FIGHTING IDENTITIES, MARTHA!



By
AMAZING
CONCENTRATION
OF
WILL
POWER,
THEY
CONDENSE
THE
ATOMS
OF
THEIR
BODIES
TO
BECOME
THOSE
UNIQUE
CRIME-
FIGHTERS:
DOLL
MAN
AND
DOLL
GIRL!



DOLL MAN
BRAVELY, DOLL GIRL ATTEMPTS TO DIVERT KAIN'S ATTENTION FROM
THE ATTACKING DOLL MAN!



MEANWHILE, PERREN WATCHES HIS T.V. SCREEN WITH MINGLED AWE AND JOY:

"I'VE ECLIPSED CONAN DOYLE! WITH MY TYPEWRITER, I MADE A CHARACTER SO REAL HE CAME TO LIFE! MY TYPEWRITER! I WONDER..."



SWIFTLY, PERREN POUNDS OUT A COMMAND ON HIS TYPEWRITER....



"KAIN! BRING ME THE JEWELS!"

WITH THIS TYPEWRITER I CAN ORDER KAIN TO BRING ME UNTOLD WEALTH! I CAN BE THE RICHEST, MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD!

AS
THOUGH
OBEYING
A
REMOTE
CONTROL,
KAIN
NEEDS
THE
COMMAND
OF
THE
TYPE-
WRITER!



GREAT
HEAVENS!
DOLL MAN,
HOW CAN A
FICTITIOUS
CHARACTER
BE ALIVE?

I HAVE A HUNCH HE
WAS WHIGNED INTO
LIFE! PERRY'S
REALISTIC STORY
OF KAIN MADE
PEOPLE BELIEVE IN
HIM!



I BELIEVE THE CONCENTRATED
ENERGY OF THE BRAIN
WAVES OF MILLIONS OF
TELEVISION VIEWERS
ACTUALLY CAUSED THE
VITAL LIFE FORCE THAT
CREATED KAIN!



"Bring the jewels!"

KAIN OBEYS THE
MASTER!



LATER...

MASTER, I HAVE
COME WITH
JEWELS!



YES--YES! JEWELS!
I'LL BE RICH! THIS
IS ONLY THE
BEGINNING!

SO, YOU ARE KAIN'S MASTER!
BUT YOU ARE SMALL... PUNY!
KAIN IS BIG... STRONG!
KAIN SHOULD BE MASTER!

OH, THE TYPEWRITER,
GOT TO TYPE OUT A
NEW COMMAND--
GOT TO MAKE KAIN
OBEY ME!



BUT PERRIN IS NEVER ABLE TO FINISH HIS TYPEWRITTEN COMMAND...

DOLL MAN
TEN MINUTES LATER



KAIN! BUT HE LOOKS ROGUE--MORE MONSTROUS!

KAIN WAS DEBATED BY THOUGHT WAVES--NOW BELIEVES AND PEOPLE ARE THINKING ABOUT KAIN, SO HE'S GROWING FROM THOUGHT WAVES!

DOLL MAN REALIZES IN THIS BIG GOLD COLORED ROBE YOU'VE BEEN CARRYING!

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! FIRST I WANT TO TREAT YOU WITH TWO QUICK DRYING GOLD PAINT! WHEN I'M FINISHED YOU SPEAK THE SAME PANT ON ME!

MOMENTS LATER WHEN THE COLOSSAL MIND-MONSTER ENTERS...

ONTO GOLD STATUETTE ON WOOD BASE. KAIN MUST NOT OVERLOOK SUCH A TREASURE!

EACH NIGHT THE DREAMING DUO WAIT PATIENTLY IN ROOMS UNTIL...

LATER...

NO THIS IS KAIN'S HIDEOUT--ANOTHER OLD MANSION-- BUT THIS ONE IS ONLY BOARDED UP WHILE THE OWNERS ARE ON VACATION!

INSIDE A GREAT VAULTED ROOM LIES KAIN'S AMAZING LOT.

AT LAST, DOLL MAN! NOW I'LL REVEAL THE MYSTERY OF THIS BOX!

YOU HAVE A TYPEWRITER INSIDE!

I DID SOME CHECKING AND GOT A DUPLICATE OF THE ONE PERREN USED! NOW I'LL TRY A PSYCHOLOGICAL TRICK!

WHEN THE MIND-MONSTER RETURNS...

THE STATUETTE--GONE! IN ITS PLACE--IS THE TYPEWRITER! WHO FOUND IT? KAIN DID IT CAREFULLY! KAIN WILL MAKE SURE AGAIN...

As DOLL MAN HOPED, THE PUZZLED KAIN IS TRICKED INTO REVEALING THE HIDE-PLACE OF THE ORIGINAL TYPEWRITER...



TWO TYPEWRITERS? KAIN MYSTIFIED! KAIN MUST GO TO A QUIET ROOM AND THINK! MUST REASON THIS OUT!



WE'VE GONE! NOW--JUST LET ME START HITTING THOSE TYPEWRITER KEYS!

BUT AS DOLL MAN IS ABOUT TO TYPE, SUDDENLY TWO GREAT HANDS REACH AND CLONE VISELIKE!



WHAT...??

EEK!



HO! HO! YOU TRY TO FOOL KAIN, BUT KAIN IS NOT TRICKED SO EASILY! HO! HO!

WHEN THE DOLL-SIZED FIGHTER BECOMES CONSCIOUS AGAIN!



YOU WILL MAKE GOOD PETS FOR KAIN! HO! HO! KAIN IS MUCH AMUSED!

IMPRISONED IN A BIRD CAGE! UHH! CAN'T EVEN BEND THE BARS! THEY'RE MADE OF STRONG STEEL!



DOLL MAN, WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!

DON'T GIVE UP YET! HAHA! A DANGLING CHAIN! NORTH A TRY! HELP ME GET THIS CAGE SWINGING!

STRAINING HARD, THE DOLL MANAGES TO GET THE CAGE SWINGING AND THEN SWINGING IN AN EVER GREATER ARC...



MORE! KEEP IT GOING! DOLL GIRL!

HIGHER--HIGHER SWINGS THE CAGE UNTIL IT SHAKES AGAINST THE CEILING WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT!



USING THEIR MUSHROOMING CAPES AS PARACHUTES, THE TWO MAKE THE LONG DROP TO THE FLOOR!

KAIN HEARD GREAT NOISE! PERHAPS PRISONER PETS TRY TO ESCAPE...

HE'S COMING! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! I'LL DIVERT HIS ATTENTION WHILE YOU GET TO THE CONTROL-TYPEWRITER!



FOR AN INSTANT HER HANDS POSE OVER THE KEYS--AND THEN STRIKE!





ABRUPTLY, KAIN STAGGERS AND CRIES OUT LIKE AN ANIMAL IN PAIN...







AND A SHORT TIME LATER...

THAT CAN'T BE TORCHY BACK SO SOON! OH! OH! I HOPE SHE HADN'T CHANGED HER MIND ABOUT GIVING THAT MUTT AWAY!

I UNDERSTAND YOU FOUND A DOG? I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER TOWN FOR HIM! I'VE EVEN OFFERED A HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD!

I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE! GEE, I WISH I KNEW WHERE TORCHY WENT!

REWARD? I GULP! BE- HE'S NOT HERE RIGHT NOW! MY ROOMMATE TOOK HIM OUT... ER... FOR A WALK! YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE, I'LL GO AND FIND THEM!



TORCHY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THAT WONDERFUL DOG?

WENT? BUT YOU TOLD ME TO GET RID OF HIM! WHAT MADE HIM SO WONDERFUL ALL OF A SUDDEN?

A HUNDRED DOLLARS! TORCHY, YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK! HIS OWNER IS OFFERING A REWARD FOR HIM! WHERE IS HE?

I GAVE HIM TO A MAN WHO SAID HE LIVED ON ELM STREET! MAYBE HE WON'T WANT TO GIVE HIM BACK!



COME ON WE'RE GOING TO ELM STREET! WE'LL GET THAT DOG BACK EVEN IF WE HAVE TO BUY HIM BACK!

BUT I DON'T KNOW THE MAN'S ADDRESS! AND ELM STREET RUNS FOR MILES!

AND LATER...

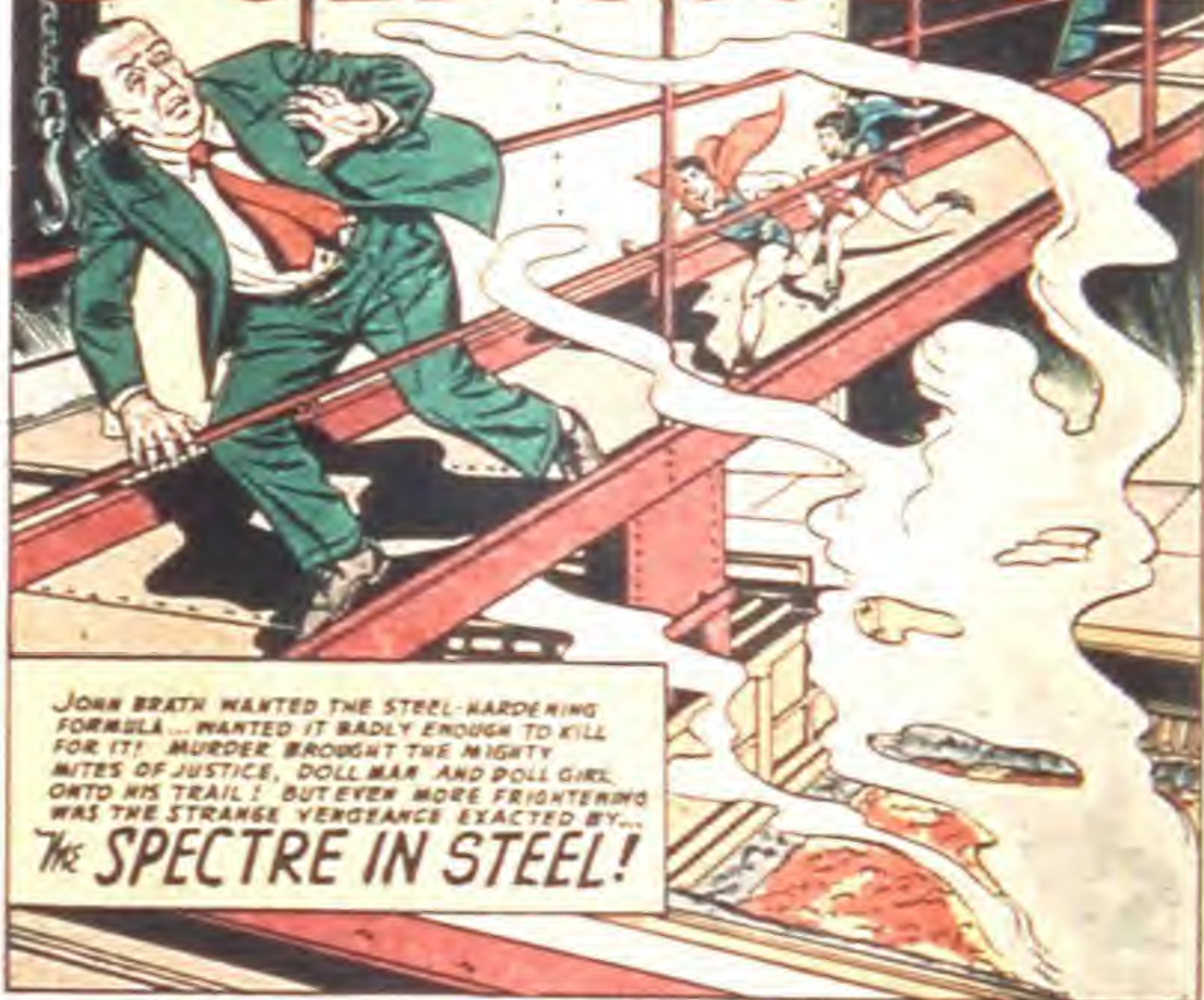
THERE'S NO DOG IN THIS HOUSE WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MY HUSBAND!

WELL, DON'T BARK AT ME! I WAS JUST ASKING A SIMPLE QUESTION!





DOLL MAN



JOHN BRATH WANTED THE STEEL-HARDENING FORMULA... WANTED IT BADLY ENOUGH TO KILL FOR IT! MURDER BROUGHT THE MIGHTY NITES OF JUSTICE, DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL ONTO HIS TRAIL! BUT EVEN MORE FRIGHTENING WAS THE STRANGE VENGEANCE EXACTED BY...
THE SPECTRE IN STEEL!

DARREL DANE AND A FELLOW SCIENTIST ATTEND A BUSINESS CONFERENCE AT THE OFFICE OF STEEL MAGNATE, JOHN BRATH!

I'VE MADE A HANDSOME OFFER FOR YOUR STEEL-HARDENING FORMULA! I MUST HAVE IT!

I'M SORRY, MR. BRATH! MY COLLEAGUE, ELMER RONALD, AND I HAVE DECIDED TO REFUSE YOUR OFFER!

WE BOTH FEEL THAT THE FORMULA ISN'T QUITE READY FOR COMMERCIAL USE!

WE'VE DECIDED TO CONTINUE WITH OUR EXPERIMENTS! NOT UNTIL WE'VE STUDIED ALL THE FORMULA'S REACTIONS WILL IT BE PUT ON THE MARKET!



DOLL MAN

WHEN THE TWO SCIENTISTS DEMAND

I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT FORMULA!
IT'S MY LAST CHANCE TO SAVE MY
BUSINESS FROM BANKRUPTCY!
I CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT WHILE
THEY CONTINUE THEIR SILLY
EXPERIMENTS!

IF THEY WON'T SELL THE
FORMULA, THERE ARE OTHER
AND CHEAPER WAYS TO GET
IT. I WON'T LET ANYTHING
STAND IN MY WAY!

WELL, THAT'S YOUR FINAL DECISION.
I'LL PROVE THERE'S NOTHING MORE
TO DISCUSS! WHEN YOU'RE READY
TO WAGGLE IT, I'LL ENTER
ANOTHER BID!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

ARE THEY COMING?
REMEMBER YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS!

SURE, MR. BRATV!
JUST LEAVE IT TO US!



NO NOISE, FOLKS. OR WE MIGHT BE
FORCED TO USE THESE WEAPONS!
THE LADY CAN GO... BUT YOU TWO
ARE COMING WITH US!

WHAT?



THEY'RE TRYING TO KIDNAP US!
GET READY, MARTHA! I'M GOING
TO CREATE A LITTLE
DIVERSION!

CHECK!



YOU'LL
NEVER
GET US!

WHA?

OW-W-W!



IN
ALMOST
THE SAME
INSTANT,
DARRELDANE
AND
MARTHA
ROBERTS
EXERT THEIR
AMAZING
WILL POWER
TO
CONDENSE
THE
MOLECULES
OF THEIR
BODIES AND
BECOME—
DOLL
MAN
AND
DOLL
GIRL!







THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS YOU CAPTURED SAYS THAT JOHN BRATH HIRED THEM! IT'S RIDICULOUS OF COURSE! WHY WOULD A PROMINENT BUSINESS MAN STOOPE TO KIDNAPING?

I CAN GUESS THE REASON WHY!



EVIDENTLY THE POLICE DON'T TAKE THAT CROOK'S CONFESSION VERY SERIOUSLY!

BUT I DO! JOHN BRATH WAS AFTER THE STEEL-HARDENING FORMULA!



WE MAY HAVE WANTED IT BADLY ENOUGH TO STEAL IT! IN THAT CASE, JOHN BRATH CAN EXPLAIN ELMER RONALD'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE!

GIDDYAP, ELMO!



MEANWHILE...

THIS TINY VIAL OF LIQUID ADDED TO THE MOLTEN METAL IS WHAT HARDENS THE STEEL! IF IT WORKS, I'LL BE A RICH MAN!



THE REACTION WILL BEGIN IN A FEW MOMENTS! THEN I'LL KNOW WHETHER... WHAT?

WHAT WAS IN THAT VIAL, BRATH?



IT'S THE FORMULA, ISN'T IT? YOU KIDNAPPED ELMER RONALD AND FORCED HIM TO GIVE IT TO YOU!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH ELMER RONALD? TALK... AND IT MAY GO EASIER WITH YOU LATER!

YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME, DOLL MAN! I KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!





LIKE A MIST, A GHOSTLY EVOCATION OF THE DEAD, A SPECTRAL SHAPE SLOWLY RISES FROM THE VAT OF MOLTEN STEEL!





THE WEAKLING

"POISONED?" asked Avery Bledsoe incredulously. "That's right, Avery," replied the heavy, INCALCULABLE man. "When you accepted that drink of my very special stuff, you accepted your own death certificate. Oh, it'll be slow, you've got about three hours according to the label. And it isn't very painful. It's your own invention, formula three, and I think you know it's already too late to do anything about it. But when they find you, Avery, they'll think you died of natural causes." Martin Werts paused to light up a cigar.

Astonished from him, in the big leather chair sat his business partner, hunched over and drawn in, as if the chair were about to swallow him up. Avery stared unbelievably ahead. This must be a horrible dream. Two days before he had bought out his partner, and the following day Avery and a group of friends had gone to the airport to speed Martin on the first leg of his round-the-world vacation. Then today, the phone call, Martin's wife, sounding worried, asking him to come to the closed house. He offered Avery a drink. "A poisoned drink!" The words exploded in his mind.

"B-but why?" he stammered aloud. Martin swung his feet up on a heavy, diamond-footstool and adjusted himself more comfortably in his chair. He seemed to be enjoying the little game. "To put it plainly, Avery, for years your little inventions have been covering up for a giant fraud. You left the business end of things to me, and I made it a big business—damned!" Avery jumped to his feet, shocked amazement written on his face. "Better take it easy, friend," said Martin. "Remember, excitement speeds the process. You once explained it to me. When the little rodents run around excitedly, they don't realize they're helping the poison along. Better sit down."

"I know this is all quite a shock, Avery, but believe me, the worst is yet to come," he continued. "Anyway, the narcotics business was getting a bit warm so I decided to sell out to you and leave you holding the bag, both with the authorities and with the nice, little playmates I had lined up with in the racket." He paused again. Avery had grabbed his throat and was shaking his head. "I know it can't be, but I'm beginning to feel pain," muttered Avery. "That's right, partner, it can't be pain. You guaranteed that this poison was practically painless," sneered Martin. "Now do you want to hear the rest of this, or shall we just sit and wait it out in silence?" "By all means, continue," replied the beaten Avery. "But I still can't believe you'd do this, Martin. I just can't believe it."

"As a matter of fact, this final touch, with the poison, wasn't exclusively my idea, pal," replied Martin. "Mills suggested it, when we were planning to leave the country together. She thought it would look better if—"

"Mills!" shrieked Avery. He leaped to his feet once more and came towards Martin threateningly. "What's my wife got to do with this wicked business?" He grabbed the lapels of Martin's vest and dragged him forward in the chair. Martin re-

sponded calmly. "Now Avery, since you know you aren't capable of any violence, why not wait until Mills comes? I wouldn't like this either. I was watching her and you know Mills and I would have taken this business. I wouldn't know you were a weakling. If we weren't sure that your poison business would keep you from doing anything about it."

Avery sank to the floor, crying. Martin shoved the footstool forward as he settled more deeply in his chair. "Well, well, Avery," he smiled. "This is more amusing than I thought you had it. Very soothing. To get back to my wife, Mills and I have been that way about each other for some time now. We decided to live on until things got too hot and then run out together. But this final plan, this master touch," he seemed to savor the words as he spoke them, "was your dear wife's idea. She's loved you for years, she loathed your weakness—" His words drained on and on and to Avery, lying on the floor in a strange room, they started to slap up a wild fury, unfamiliar to him.

"I must remain quiet, I must keep still," he said over and over to himself. "Perhaps if I can find an ally." (Swear in his heart, he knew there wasn't a chance. Then his mind picked up Mills's name as Martin went on with his leather-stomach story and the name, Mills, Mills, Mills, seemed to beat in his mind like a thunderous drum. Martin's words broke through once more. "If you hold out long enough, Mills will be here. We plan to put you in your car and drive you out a way. Then you can take over. We'll find it as they'll find you on the other side of town, like you were taking a drive in the country. Then after a suitable time, Mills will join me in—" Avery grabbed the leg of the footstool and yanked it out from under Martin's feet. He was up in a flash, madly thrashing and beating the footstool over Martin's skull.

When he finally stopped, Martin was dead. Avery made sure of that. He checked his pulse, examined his eyes, all in a very clinical manner. Then the spasms began, slowly at first, but he knew his time was fast running out.

Avery left the house and headed for his car. He walked slowly, and climbed into the car with an effort. Before he could turn the lights on, he saw the lights of another car coming up the drive. Mills! Avery started the car, it was blocked from view by the shrubbery. He saw Mills get out of her car. Then he stepped on the accelerator. The car roared forward, he flashed the lights on her terrified face just before the car hit her. The car didn't stop, it careened wildly down the drive and out to the highway. The spasms were worse. Avery's foot pushed down on the gas. Too late he saw the concrete wall, too late to turn the wheel. The splintering crash echoed and re-echoed on the night air.

The following day the newspapers carried the story of Avery's death in an automobile accident and of the murder of his wife and her lover, by an unknown assailant. It was the story of a gentle scientist, a man incapable of violence.

DOLL MAN

Doll Man

WILLIE JORDAN WAS DEAD! THIS WAS A FACT WHICH TWENTY WITNESSES WERE WILLING TO CORROBORATE! THEN NOW WAS IT THAT WILLIE JORDAN'S DIARY CONTINUED TO BE WRITTEN AFTER HIS DEATH... CONTINUED TO PREDICT THE BIZARRE AND VIOLENT FATES THAT WOULD OVERCOME THOSE WHO HAD CONVICTED WILLIE JORDAN OF MURDER? DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF UNSPEAKABLE TERROR WHEN THEY SEEK THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THE...

DIARY OF DEATH!



THIS WAS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR DOPE SMUGGLER WILLIE JORDAN...



DOLL MAN



LATER, DARREL DANE IS A WITNESS AT WILLIE JORDAN'S TRIAL!



SOON...



DOLL MEAN



THAT NIGHT...

DO YOU REALLY
BELIEVE ANYTHING
WILL HAPPEN TO
LIEUTENANT
CHARLES?

WILLIE JORDAN'S DIARY
PREDICTED THE
LIEUTENANT'S
DEATH... BY SHOOTING!
SO FAR, THE DIARY
HAS BEEN RIGHT
TWICE, MARTHA!

I WANT TO KEEP WATCH AT
THE LIEUTENANT'S HOUSE
TO MAKE SURE THE
DIARY ISN'T RIGHT
A THIRD...
WHAT'S THAT?

A SHOT!

AND IT CAME FROM THE
LIEUTENANT'S HOUSE!
BETTER CONCENTRATE
YOUR WILL POWER,
MARTHA!



CHARLES
JANE AND
MARTHA
ROBERTS
BOTH
POSSESS
THE
UNIQUE
ABILITY TO
CONDENSE
THE
MOLECULES
OF THEIR
BODIES, THIS
BECOMING
THE WORLD'S
HIGHEST
WITES—
DOLL
MAN
AND
DOLL
GIRL!



SPLIT SECONDS LATER...

THE LIEUTENANT'S
BEEN MURDERED,
DOLL MAN!

AND THERE GOES HIS
MURDERER!



BUT HE WON'T
GO FAR!

OOF!

GLAM



NOW WE'LL LEARN WHY HE TRIED TO CARRY
OUT THE PREDICTION
IN THAT DIARY!

OH HHHH!



DOLL MAN

FOOLISH! WHAT I HAVE WRITTEN
MUST COME TO PASS!



WHICH DOLL MAN AND DOLL
GIRL RECOVER...

THE
KILLED
FELLER
IS
GONE!

HE KILLED US WITH
THIS WHITE PLIQUE
IRON-BOLT. IT'S A
PLIQUE THAT WAS
GIVEN TO LIEUTENANT
CHARLES FOR
SHARPSHOOTING?



THAT KILLER'S
AIM WASN'T
BAD, WAS
IT? HE'S
STILL
SHOOTING!

WE FORCED HIM
TO DROP THE
MURDER GUN!
IF THERE ARE
ANY FINGERPRINTS
IT WILL PROVE A
VALUABLE CLUE
TO HIS IDENTITY!



NEXT DAY, AT THE POLICE LABORATORY...

ARE YOU SURE THIS GUN
WAS USED BY LIEUTENANT
CHARLES?

I'M POSITIVE I HAVE
NOW FINISHED
CHECKING THE
FINGERPRINTS!



YES... I FOUND THEM IN THE POLICE FILES!
BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO ARREST THE
MURDERER! ACCORDING TO THE FINGER-
PRINTS, THE KILLER IS NONE OTHER THAN
WILLIE JORDAN!



THAT CAN'T BE! WILLIE
JORDAN WAS ELECTROCUTED
TWO WEEKS AGO! TWENTY
WITNESSES SAW HIM DIE!

MY JOB IS TO REPORT
WHAT I FIND! AND
WILLIE JORDAN'S
FINGERPRINTS WERE
ON THAT MURDER
GUN!

HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN
IT DARRELT HAS
WILLIE JORDAN
COME BACK FROM
THE GRAVE TO KEEP
THE PREDICTIONS HE
MADE IN
THAT DIARY?

DEAD MEN CAN'T
COMMIT MURDER,
MARTHA! AND THEY CAN'T
FORETELL THE FUTURE
EITHER! THERE
MUST BE SOME
OTHER
EXPLANATION!





DOLL MAN
NIGHT... AND A MASKED KILLER
STRIKES AGAIN!



HE DID COME BACK FROM THE DEAD? HE'S BEEN TAKING REVENGE AGAINST THE PEOPLE WHO HELPED TO CONVINCE HIM?

THAT'S WHAT THE REAL KILLER WANTED EVERYONE TO THINK!



THAT'S WHY HE USED THAT GUN WITH WILLIE JORDAN'S FINGERPRINTS... AND WHY HE WORE THIS RUBBER FACE MASK!

HE WAS PREPARED IN CASE ANYONE SAW HIM WITHOUT HIS MASK: BUT WHO IS HE, REALLY?



HARRY CLEMENT... THE LAWYER! THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD HAVE A GUN WITH WILLIE JORDAN'S FINGERPRINTS ON IT! AND THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD HAVE MADE THOSE ENTRIES IN WILLIE'S DIARY!

BUT HE DIDN'T MAKE THOSE ENTRIES UNTIL AFTER THE JUDGE AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY DIED! THAT'S HOW HE COULD APPARENTLY PREDICT THE MANNER OF THEIR DEMISES!

AND IT ENABLED HIM TO SHIFT THE BLAME FOR FUTURE KILLINGS TO MAKE IT APPEAR WILLIE JORDAN WAS GUILTY!

IT WAS A CLEVER SCHEME! HARRY CLEMENT IS PROBABLY MIXED UP IN THE DOPE SMUGGLING RING OF WHICH WILLIE JORDAN WAS A MEMBER! CLEMENT WANTED TO DISPOSE OF ANYONE WHO MIGHT HAVE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM!

HELLO, OPERATOR! GIVE ME THE POLICE!



SOME TIME LATER...

FLASH! ACTING ON EVIDENCE GIVEN THEM BY HARRY CLEMENT THE POLICE HAVE SMASHED THE SMUGGLING RING THAT WAS BRINGING ILLEGAL NARCOTICS INTO THE COUNTRY!

HEAR THAT DARREL?

HARRY CLEMENT TALKED IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE HIS OWN SKIN!

IT WON'T WORK, MARTHA! WE'LL STILL PAY FOR THE MURDER OF LIEUTENANT CHARLES! THE PERSONAL DIARY OF EVERY CRIMINAL ALWAYS ENDS... AS A DIARY OF DEATH!



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